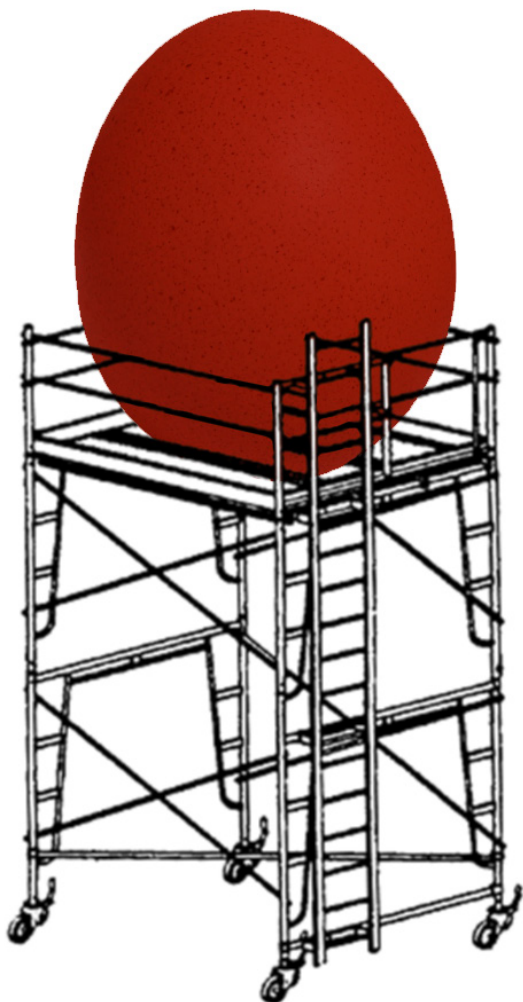


Framed Egg #6



(the how-to issue)

How did I come up with such a great idea for this issue?

As you read on the cover, this issue of Framed Egg is the how-to guide you've been waiting for!

I'm going to attempt to use a variety of formats to instruct you in life's greatest challenges. I do you this service because I am like Jesus.

Little Tips

Have a small leak in your bathroom? Close any window, crank up the heat, and let evaporation constantly work to keep large puddles at bay.

Can't figure out what to do with leftover bacon fat after delicious breakfast? Grease your taps with it to stop them rusting, grease your teeth to prevent rusting, or grease your floor to turn your home into a winter wonderland!

Can't stop eating your feelings? Suck it up, we all have problems.

How to draw a ridiculously reactionary “political” “cartoon”.



How to **navigate France.**

Your home town → Paris airport. → Eiffel Tower.
airport.

Success! ← Your home town ← Paris airport.
airport.

How to **navigate my stereotypical British hatred of France and all things French.**

Surprise. → Disgust. → Disdain.

Success? ← Rationalization. ← Acceptance.

How to convince yourself that it's okay to get the pizza place to deliver even though you could walk there in three minutes.

- You're "treating yourself."
- It gives the delivery driver something to do.
- It's pretty damn cold outside.
- Saves the energy of putting clothes on, so is better for the environment.
- You're probably a sociopath anyway, so not going outside means savings dozen of strangers from the dangers of being near you, and from seeing that you're full of poison. Because everybody can see, can't they? All the time. You're dirty. In your very soul you're so dirty. And they all know.
- Technically counts as "having a new friend over for dinner".

How to **read.**

Yeah, I'm not an idiot. If you can read this, you don't need my help. C'mon, like I'm just gonna give out useful info for free.

How to **make a conspiracy theory.**

As soon as we figured out how bees fly, we started wondering why they're going extinct. Either scientists are obsessed with bees, or the bees are hiding because we now know too much.

How to keep your home Cool in the summer

If you can't afford an air conditioning unit, put your high-school science skills to good use and beat the heat using **common household items**. This method not only doesn't cost you anything, it will **actually make you money!**



Cover all your windows in **aluminum foil**, like you can get at any supermarket or grocery. This reflects back the sun's rays and **stops any warmth** getting into your house in the first place! Sure, you won't be able to see out (or in), but **that will actually come in handy**, as you'll see in the next step.

Gather the following ingredients: pseudo-ephedrine, **red phosphorus** (from matchstick heads), lye crystals, iodized salt, sulfuric acid (or muriatic acid), and a few others household goods. You can find the full list by searching Google.com for "**meth recipe**".



Mix up your ingredients! You'll notice a lot of **smoke and vapor** being generated - this will remind you to **open any vents** you have in the house, bringing the temperature down a bit. **Beat that heat!**

Your ventilation-reminder experiment will have yielded a bunch of **weird crystals** that you don't have any use for. I wonder if you could sell them to anyone? **Hint, hint.** Now you're **raking in the cash!** Time to buy an air conditioner! Or maybe more chemicals?



Remember! Don't tell any law enforcement officials about what you're doing. They just hate to see anybody save money.

How to help someone you love quit smoking.

Quitting smoking is difficult, because smokers are vile, pathetic creatures with almost no self-control (I feel objective enough to say this as my brain has never been poisoned by contact with cigarette smoke). If somebody in your life is attempting to rejoin civilized society by giving up smoking, you should help them by avoiding “trigger words” which may create cravings for a cigarette.

smoke - “I really *smoked* his butt in that deal” becomes “it looks like I am the boardroom victor today”.

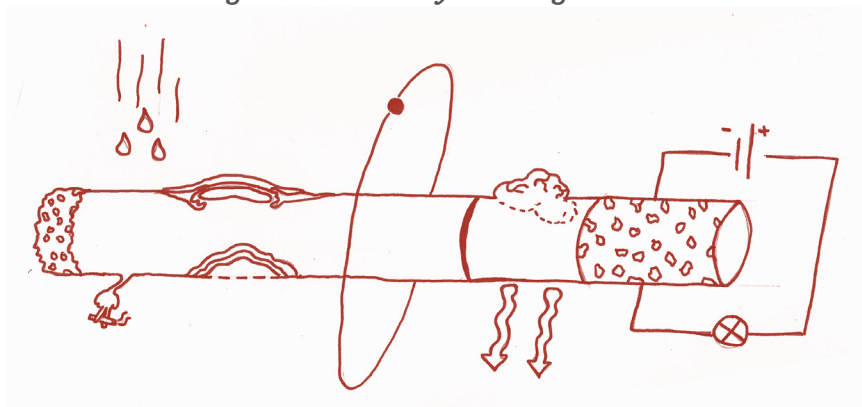
ash - “let me *ash* you a question” can be phrased as “yo, hit me up with some knowledge answers”.

butt - “let me *butt* you a question” is less enticing to a smoker when spoken as “mmm, I wanna lick that bottom”.

filter - Instead of saying “I’ve got no *filter*, I do what I want”, well, actually, you could just not say that.

light - Rather than tempting a former smoker to *light* up by telling them “I’ve glad you’ve seen the *light* and quit smoking”, just leer at them with a smug look on your face, occasionally taking big breaths and sighing at how easy it is to do with your healthy lungs.

fig. 28 - anatomy of a cigarette.



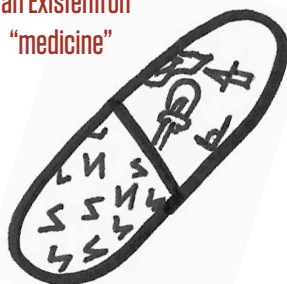
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 How do I get up in the morning? How do I convince myself to keep going? How do I face each day anew? How do I try to fake enthusiasm when I just feel hollow inside? How can I leave everything behind?
 How would you like to take a nice

"Sleeping" Pill

Let's not beat around the bush. You want to not be around anymore, but you don't want to kill yourself. Our sleeping pill is the closest thing you can get to a medically-induced coma without involving the FDA.

We promise to take care of your body while you are asleep. And even if we don't, it's not like you'll ever be awake enough to care!

an Existentrion
 "medicine"



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How to get your children's TV show canceled.

OPENING TITLES: The Family House - Episode Eight

EXT. - FRONT GARDEN - DAY

JIMMY is playing with his FATHER, throwing a frisbee back and forth.

JIMMY

Thanks for agreeing to have fun with me today, Dad.

FATHER

It took some convincing, but I'm glad you managed to pull me

away from my desk. The Pentagon can make do without my analysis today!

Jimmy throws the frisbee again, but puts too much power into it. The frisbee lands on the roof.

JIMMY

Oh no!

FATHER

Don't worry, son. I'm sure the wind will send it back down in a few days.

Continued on next page...

The NEIGHBOR, who had been tending to his garden, pops his head over the fence.

NEIGHBOR

Say, that's a fine to-do. Do you want to borrow my ladder?

FATHER

No, that's fine, thanks.
I think we'll just go inside.

JIMMY

Oh please, Dad! I want to keep playing.

FATHER

I... I guess if you really want me to...

The neighbor fetches his ladder and Jimmy's dad steadies it against the Family House and begins to climb. He is nearing the top.

JIMMY

Be careful, Dad!

FATHER

What?

Jimmy's father turns to hear his son better, and slips on the ladder. He falls and breaks his neck.

JIMMY

Dad!

NEIGHBOR

He's gone, boy. He's dead. And it's all your fault for wanting to play. And then throwing the disc too hard. And then telling him to fetch it. And then distracting him while he was climbing the ladder.

JIMMY

Why? Why did this have to happen?

NEIGHBOR

Because, lad, you're selfish. And you needed to learn about the true nature of loss and suffering.

Jimmy cries over his father's body. In the distance, we hear explosions. The neighbor's cellphone rings. The conversation is inaudible, but his face is ashen.

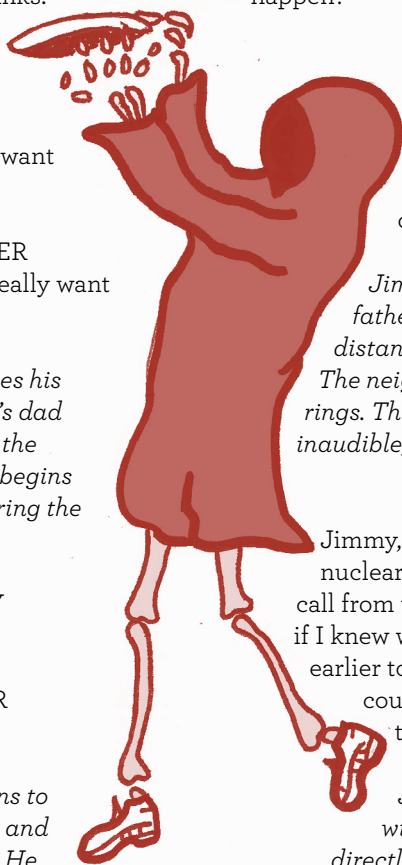
NEIGHBOR

Jimmy, America is under nuclear attack. I just got a call from the Pentagon asking if I knew where your father was earlier today. Apparently he could have prevented this horrible mess.

Jimmy stops crying, wipes his face, and turns directly to camera.

JIMMY

I guess I never should have bothered my dad while he was working. And neither should any other child ever.



How to become a Dark Knight, a caped crusader, a Bat-Man.

Once word got out that Batman was created by the death of his mom and dad, everybody wanted to give their kid the chance to be a superhero by witnessing his or her parents being gunned down in front of them. Thomas and Martha Wayne kicked the bucket in Crime Alley (great name, by the way, congrats on the A+ city planning) and so the parents who wanted to stick closest to Batman's origin had to die there too.

There was a surge of young couples taking out contracts on their own lives, arranging for the deeds to take place late at night in Crime Alley, always in front of their children. The *murders*, I mean, *they* always happened in front of the kids, not the hiring of the hitmen. That would sort of ruin the whole point, and the kids would probably ignore crime-fighting in favor of stopping pushy parents from *essentially* committing suicide.

At first there were a few deaths a week, then multiple deaths in a night, and then there were reports of killings *overlapping* with each other. Now there were young girls and boys watching not only their own parents die, but some *other* kid's parents too. And again, there, you have the issue of messing with the proper psychological motivations needed to create a vigilante. Now instead of a young person's identity being reshaped around a tragedy, you manufacture this portrait of an entire world where *everybody's* parents die in alleys *all the time*. Plus there's the pair bonding that the two (or more) children share as a result of being present at such dark points in each others' lives. There were some very unsavory relationships started in those early days, let me tell you.

To avoid all that unpleasantness -and just stick to simple, solo murders- the rich and entitled parents of Gotham grouped together and declared that each and every little lad or lass deserved to have their own *unique* moment of loss. They developed a rota system, and parents who had not yet died were assigned to keep watch over the alley to make sure nobody was skipping their turn.

But, of course, once you add exclusivity to a situation like this, the hipsters and fashionistas get involved. Soon anybody who was *anybody* wanted to be seen getting killed in Crime Alley, not just over-indulgent parents. Movie stars, socialites, authors - they all demanded a slot on the timetable. Bribes

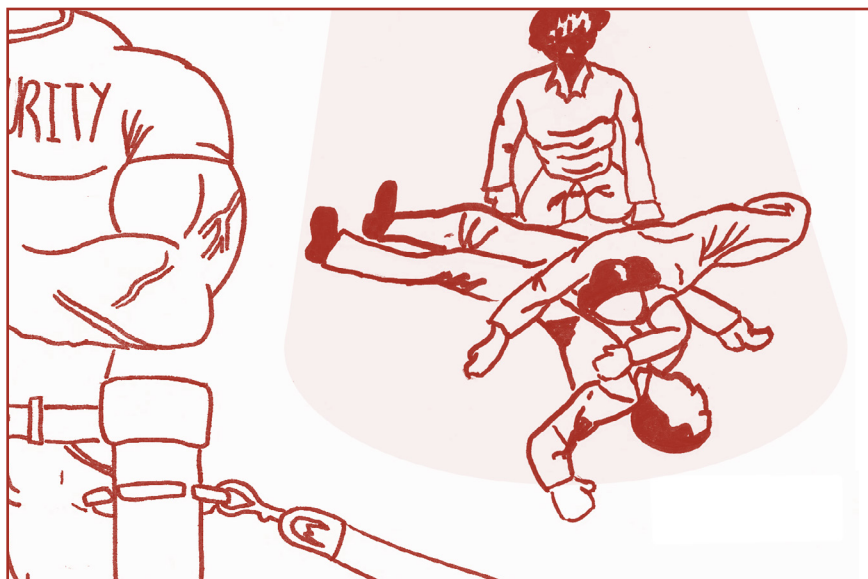


fig. 17 - Crime Alley is guarded by a bouncer to ensure proper use.

were given, threats issued, and people were even *murdered* (outside of Crime Alley, even, which makes it awful). Now any parents who wanted their deaths to be a private moment had to hire security to surround the alley. Add that to the cost of the assassin, and the expenses really started to mount up. Luckily, most people involved were relieved of any financial burden due to their young age or, in the case of the parents, impending demise.

There was so much fuss being made about the whole arrangement that the city considered filling the alley in with concrete. That was, until Batman himself showed up and told everybody just how ashamed of themselves they should be. There wasn't a dry eye in the street as he lectured them all about how they were sullyng his defining life moment in such an egregious manner. Anyone with sense left Crime Alley alone, after that.

Although, every now and then, late on a rainy night, a couple will walk down that alley with their firstborn. They'll be confronted by a mugger, or thief, or psychopath, and they'll get gunned down in cold blood. They won't have planned it, or even seen it coming. And Batman will do nothing, because that's the way it's meant to be, man. Some alleys sell out. But not this one.

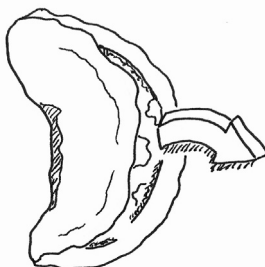
How to feed your cats.

Type of cat	Recommended diet	Method
Gentle cat.	Cheapest dry food you can buy, since it won't put up a fuss.	Leave it on a plate somewhere, refill every now and then.
Aggressive cat.	High quality wet food, raw pheasant, anything it wants.	Deliver on a silver tray at regular intervals/whenever the cat makes any noise.
Loving cat.	Your leftovers, better to create a bond between you.	Just let the lovely little thing eat straight off your plate while you gaze into its eyes.
Stray cat.	Not up to you. Anything in your house it up for grabs.	Yeah, you shouldn't have taken in a stray. Enjoy dealing with this.
Dog.	Dog food.	Not a cat.

How to deal with the fact that you're eating pizza for the fourth night in a row.



1. Get a pizza (perhaps following the instructions on page 2).



2. Fold it in half.



3. Congratulations! You're not eating a pizza, you're eating a tomato and cheese sandwich!

How to stock your library.

- Pride and Prejudice
- Sense and Sensibility
- War and Peace
- Complete Dickens
- Complete Shakespeare
- Complete Harper Lee
- Catch 22
- The Bell Jar
- Twilight
- Some poems
- Where The Wild Things Are
- The Bible

All of these should be hollowed out and used to hide pornography.

How to choose players for your personal “dream team”.

Guy that kinda looks like your dad. You, but not you, you know? Chick you made out with once, but you can't remember much about her so her face is kind of blurry. Teacher yelling at you for not wearing pants to school. Thing that's chasing you but you can't tell what it is. The ability to fly, except you can't get it to work right. Michael Jordan.

How do I figure the tannery closed down?

Well, that shit's a dye-ing trade.

How to get motivated.

You gotta remember that those who can - do, and those who can't don't do, they're busy doing something else, something that they can do, so I guess they become the people who can do things, and there are other people elsewhere who are the people who can't. And those people? Well, there's probably something they can do. Everybody can do something. So just remember that those who can - do, and those who can't don't even don't do anything, because they don't exist! If you exist (and you must, because you're reading this), then you're a person who do. Do do things, I mean, not do exist. Although you do do exist, while also doing other dos.

How do you get fired from Carnegie Hospital?

Malpractice, malpractice, malpractice.

How to plan for divorce.

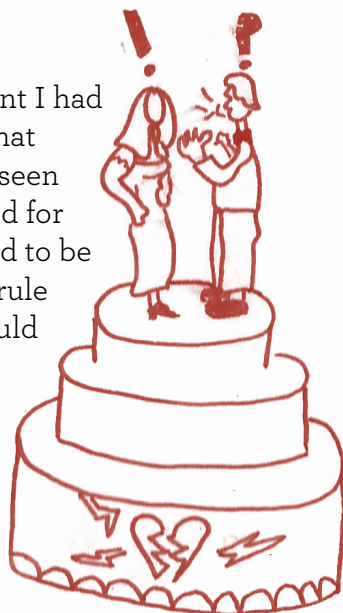
The one condition of our prenuptial agreement was that if we were to ever split, nobody could blame the prenup itself, or my insistence upon it. We'd spent many weekend vacations missing out on our planned relaxation and instead arguing over whether or not we should even have a prenup, and the whole contract had become a dark force, a storm in our marriage, conjuring up resentment and anger.

I thought it was the smart thing to do, even though neither of us had money, or property, or anything of any value, save each other. Situations can always change, and it's best to plan for the bad times while you're experiencing the good ones.

As the fights went on, I wanted the damn piece of paper signed as a matter of principle, more than anything else. I didn't care anymore about division of assets, or custody of children. I just wanted him to admit I was right and scrawl his stupid name (which I would *not* be taking) and be done with it.

He agreed, eventually, and by that point I had become so tired of the whole debate that all I cared about was — if some unforeseen break-up did occur — not being blamed for the whole mess just because I'd wanted to be prudent. And so that became the one rule in the entire contract: neither of us could lay the fault of our divorce upon the prenup. Friends thought it was funny, but we were too exhausted to laugh.

Of course, it turned out to be completely unnecessary, because we're happy now. So, so happy. Really.



How to get elected.

“All Tuesday, all the time!” was his campaign slogan. None of us knew what it meant, but I guess enough of us thought it was funny, or cool, or interesting, and we voted him in. It was a landslide.

And then it was Tuesday. All the time. Every day we woke up, and it was Tuesday again. Calendars, computers, even the newspaper — everything said it was Tuesday.

So we all just did what we would normally do on a Tuesday. We went to work, or sat in school. And we waited for a break, for some rest. We labored every single day, hoping that soon it would be the weekend.

We became tired, and depressed. We would lay in our beds at night and be unable to sleep, dreading the tomorrow that would be the same as today.

It was like this for weeks.

We became angry enough to storm his building. We were going to put it under siege, until he made Tuesday go away, forever. But he was waiting for us, and he had a small army, and suddenly there were guns in our faces.

Most of us were skipping work.

He came outside, onto the balcony, and addressed us.

“I have heard rumors that some of you are unhappy with the job I’ve been doing. This, of course, saddens me to a deeply. In an effort to rectify the situation, we will be holding elections.”

He smiled.

“On Wednesday.”

How to be a dictator.

I don't trust anybody who was born after April 30th, 1945. That includes almost everyone I meet, except the old people I hang out with on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays. I like to spend time with them, because they are the only people who you can be sure weren't Hitler in a past life.

The odds of any single person I meet being Adolf Hitler's reincarnation are, of course, six billion to one. I know that. But there's no way to test for this kind of thing. It's not like there's some mystical chant I can utter or some spectrometer I can wave over every stranger I run into. I just have to be wary of everybody. Because that Hitler was a pretty mean dude.

I like to play it safe, show some respect. If someone asks me to do something, I'll say "sure thing" and then, under my breath, follow it with "mein führer." When I wave to people, I try to make it more of a salute. And of course, I have nothing but nice things to say about Germany.

The thing is, all this caution could be for nothing. Because I've started noticing things about myself. I'm parting my hair differently. I'm growing a mustache. I have been painting horses.

How to make progress.

Look, I'm going to tell my therapist that she was wrong about Coke Zero being caffeine free, and I'm not letting the appointment proceed until she admits that I'm smarter than her.

How to get away with it.

"Geoff, this article says that scientists don't even know how bicycles stay upright. And you want me to figure out who stole your weed? Maybe there are just some mysteries that aren't meant to be solved.

"Now, if you need me, I'll be in my room. Smoking weed."

How to tell a joke.

Did you ever hear about the guy who [mumble mumble]?

What was that?

It's a simple "yes" or "no" question. Did you ever hear about the guy who [mumble mumble]?

Right, I just can't make out what you're saying at the end.

It doesn't matter, all you have to do is answer yes or n-

But I can't answer if I don't know the question!

It's not about knowing the question! It's a joke! Just say "yes" or-

Or "no". Okay, alright. I should probably check, though, is there one of those answers you'd prefer? For the joke to work better?

..."No" would be preferable.

Cool. You say you're thing, and I'll say "no". You wanna tell the joke or not?

Did you ever hear about the guy who [mumble mumble]?

No.

And you didn't just then, either!

What?

Didn't... You didn't hear about him just then, because it was mumbled.

Wow. Was all that worth it?

I'm a comedy genius, it's always worth it.

How to miss the point.

*I'm no expert,
but judging by
Hollywood's output, it
really seems like white
people are the best at
being in movies.*

How to be an A+ monster hunter.

And it was there I found the giant, in a giant hiding place. In retrospect, I shouldn't have wasted all that time looking under rocks and in small caves. The only place a giant could hide is in the largest of caverns, the deepest of gorges. Or, as in this case, the enormous gulf between what people think they know about psychology and what they actually know about psychology.

"This is a nice place you have," I said to the giant.

"Thanks," he replied. "It used to be smaller, but then the word 'subliminal' found its way into the public consciousness."

How to rip off The Onion's style.

Knife Salesman
Way Too Into
Cutting Cans

Prostitute Paid
Extra To Spread
Rumor That Most
Guys Just Want To
Talk

Sweet-Toothed
Financier Blames
Sugar Crash
On Sugar Over-
Regulation

Illuminati
Scrambles To
Explain Large
Number Of
Scientists Studying
Reptilian Cancer

Mark Zuckerberg
Conflicted About
Picking Five Dollar
Bill Off Street

Area Mom's Gay
Friend One Of The
Good Ones

STUDY: Blondes
Really Do Have
More Fun, Date-
Rapes

Flight Manifesto
Makes More
Cogent Political
Argument
Than Anarchist
Manifesto

Feminism Negated
By Woman Who
Likes Shoes

Area Man
Pointlessly Hopes
To One Day Have
Pipe Dream

Razorblade R&D
Just A Bunch Of
Guys Learning To
Count

Abortion
Opponent Chooses
To Cease Diatribe

Sex-Positivity
Blogger Enters
Fourth Year Of
Celibacy

Soap Opera Nation
Outraged As 100%
Of Hospitals Fail
Structural Integrity
Test

Meaningless
Phrase About
Opinions Offends
Man Born Without
Asshole

Area Man
Incapable Of
Evenly Dividing
Bagel, Work-Home
Time

Gay Posterboard
Salesman
Conflicted About
Westboro Baptist
Church

Area Man Not
Sure How Long
To Maintain
Eye Contact
With Dude In
Wheelchair

Improv Festival
Goes According To
Plan

Deceased Band
Much Better Live

Success Of Hobbit
Movie Puts Tolkien
Fan's Life In
Forced-Perspective

It's the new **videogame** that helps you get in control of your daily tasks while still kickin' it ol' school!

Tony Hawk's Pro Life Hawker 2

**Turbo
To-Do List
Edition!**



Bored with skateboarding, legendary skateboarder Tony Hawk has hung up his board and stopped skateboarding - for good! Unless you can stop him? Take charge of Tony's assistant Meredith, and guide her through the crazy world of being an assistant to Tony Hawk. An assistant called Meredith.

Being an assistant means taking charge of things that need to be taken charge of, so you've got to take charge of Tony's life. Take out his garbage, schedule his doctor's appointments, and -maybe- arrange a meeting with the skateboarding executive who could get Tony back in the game!?

Learn how to:

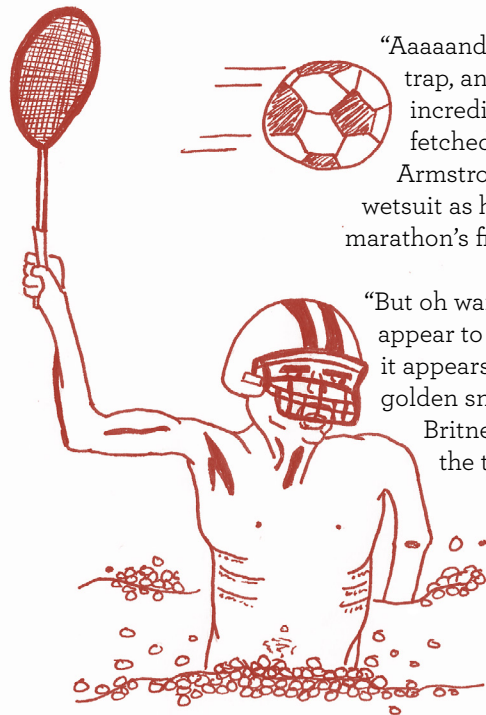
- Program Meredith's PDA!
- Rack up high scores by accomplishing tasks!
- Link to-dos together for COMBO points!
- Call Meredith's mom and tell her that, yes, she's still working for the sports guy, and he's actually pretty okay!
- Cry in the laundry room!

How to talk about sports (going by what I've overheard in the past).

"If you're a little late joining us, the game is just about to begin as we approach the bottom of the ninth at the start of the first quarter. The visitors have things pretty much tied-up, so it's still all to play for. And it looks like the umpire is about to fire the starter pistol, and we're off! Michael Vick delivers a delicious serve, and one of the quarterbacks from the other team intercepts -are they gonna call a technical foul on that? No?- and Tiger Woods quickly bats a home run and sends the puck sailing through the air towards the net.

"It's a game of two halves, though, and Tony Romo performs a triple Axel and borrows a little of Ali's grace as he floats like a butterfly, stings like a- Wait, the coach has called for a time-out, and both teams are huddling at center-court. We're getting rumors that the game may be called off due to weather, as pit crews are concerned about whether or not the horses will be able to stay on their feet.

"While the action is halted, Britney Spears gets weighed in, selects a putter, and begins to sing the national anthem. We've no time for patriotism, though, as the players are back on the field, and looking to settle some scores. The coin toss falls in favor of the home team, so it's up to them to choose a racquet, and it's looks like Phelps is going for a lay-up right off the bat.



"Aaaaand it's a rebound right into the sand trap, and participants on both sides look incredibly angry. The javelins are being fetched from the dug-out, and Lance Armstrong is donning his protective wetsuit as he prepares to slalom to the marathon's finish.

"But oh wait, it may all be over, as spectators appear to be pointing to... can it be... yes, it appears that Babe Ruth has caught the golden snitch. The crowd goes wild, and Britney Spears staggers over to collect the trophy medal.

"Everyone is filing out of the stadium just as the cricketers finish suiting up. They can go home, assured of a job well done. All of this has mattered to somebody. It must have."

How to keep your child endlessly entertained.

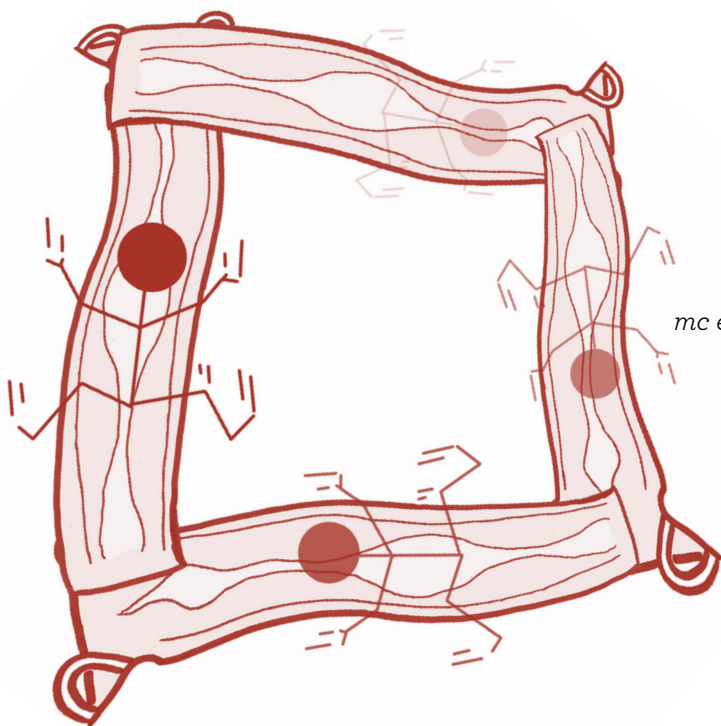


fig. 49
mc escher slide

How to get a disappointing super-power.

Put gamma-irradiated eyeglasses on your dick and urinate x-ray pee.



Jack a computer cable into your head and download Broadway ticketing information so

that you know the intermission times for every single play and musical.

Set fire to your hands and have flame hands that burn enemies (and yourself).

Ingest cosmic dust while cleaning your smartphone and become aware of new emails a few seconds before they arrive.

Ask a genie for a credit card with an incredibly low interest rate.



Eat a bunch of mercury and just go crazy.

How to regret the theme you picked for the latest issue of your magazine:

Choose “how to”.

How to write a parody song.

*Sing to tune of “Twinkle
Twinkle Little Star”*

Find a song that you like fine,
Make a half-way decent rhyme.
Count out all the words you need,
Recite them at quarter speed.
You don’t even need good jokes,
Parodies please simple folks.

Framed Egg is written and produced in Toronto, Canada by Avery Edison. For subscription information, or to contact Avery, visit www.averyedison.com/framedegg

This ‘humor’ piece does not reflect the opinions of Avery Edison, who loves deaf people, and even learned enough sign language to tell a deaf person “you’re not wanted here, mate.”

How to make an offensive rant about a subject that doesn't really matter.

Sure, I get annoyed by deaf people. I mean we all do, right? But you've got to remember that they did something great for us. They popularized the use of subtitles on television and film. That, right there, is a little gift from the deaf community.

I gotta say, though, that it's not as good a gift as it could be. Because half the time you hit the subtitle button on your DVD remote and what do you get? *Closed captioning*. Which... What even, man? You know? I don't need a stupid bracketed thing telling me that the line is said **[with anger]**. I *know* that it was said with anger. Because I can *hear* the bloody thing. So useless. Just give me subtitles so I can have a bit of an easier time watching stuff where the people have accents, and so I can not have to focus too much on the TV when I'm drunk.

It's time for the deaf to give up subtitles, just give them to us normals, you know? Because, let's face it, deaf people aren't staying inside and watching TV, are they? They're out in the world, bothering everyone about how deaf they are.